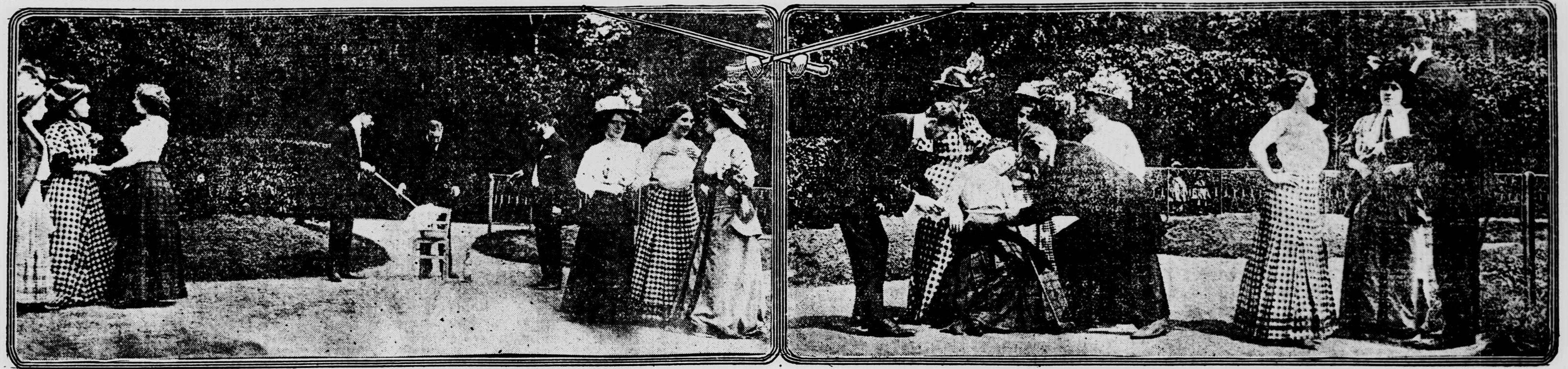


## PARIS SEES FIRST DUEL BETWEEN WOMEN



BEGINNING OF THE DUEL—STERILIZING THE SWORDS.

END OF THE DUEL—PREPARING TO BIND UP THE SEVERED ARTERY.

## MEETING OF Amazons Ends in Bloodshed

Mlle. de Namias Cuts Arm of Mlle. d'Alaza—For Flaunting Stolen Happiness Under Her Nose—Strange Refinement of Feminine Vengeance—Seeks to Take Life Before the Camera—Why These Photographs Are Doubly Real—Wide Discovery of Female Seconds—The Cinematograph May Prove a Humane Adjunct to Duels Between Men.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, June 2, 1908. Two beautiful young women sought to kill each other in a duel, and plain killing was not enough for their vengeance.

"I want to see her die again—and often—when it's over," said the terrible de Namias.

"I'll kill her—and shall be pleased to see her die, on rainy afternoons!" replied the outrageous d'Alaza.

"This is horrible!" the seconds murmured, but as they were lady seconds they had a wise intuition. Out of hateful aspirations they evolved a humane duel discovery—for men.

The duel was, therefore, cinematographed; you shall learn why—and how it ended.

It was the first duel of ladies ever fought in Paris, in spite of a famous painting which was mere imagination, and it jarred the gentlemen who "go out."

cleanly—and come back with a mere scratch received and even sought in the philanthropic "thrust of Jacob."

Also Mlle. de Namias' provocation was well known.

If you dine through the Academies from 6 to 7, frequent the theater first nights; haunt the rich shops; patrol the exhibitions where "they" show their clothes; if you lunch at the Ambassadeurs, dine at the Madrid and sup at the Thelème—you will see always the same domineering beauties, the same abject rich men.

Rich men only count as chorus.

But, now and then, there shows up a young fellow who avenges his sex mightily.

The beauties grovel at his feet, court ruin for his sake, submit to his ill-treatment proudly and, above all, seek to steal him from one another.

Such is the young Vicomte d'X—Mlle. de Namias saw him first.

She saw him at the Autell races, where she stole him in a single afternoon from Blanche d'Otrante, the singer, to whom he was engaged to be married.

De Namias, engaged in her turn to the vicomte, feared all women but her dearest friend, the tender blonde d'Alaza. De Namias, erect brunette of Spain, would shake her blue-black tresses mournfully, with somber Moorish premonitions.

Of an ancient Andalusian family, she exudes her wild eccentricities by Moorish blood, the track at her Ville d'Avray villa, where she breaks wild horses; her balloon trips in night storms; her rescue of a drowning tramp at Dieppe last summer, though impeded by a tailor skirt; her queer friendship with "Daniel," the Jarquin des Plantes lion. In reality, she is a widow—rich and free, although called mademoiselle.

"Dear Dine," she would say to the pink and gold d'Alaza. "I know that I shall lose him. He is so strong, beautiful and brave. They'll steal him from me. But you'll help me watch, Dine. We must watch those wicked women!"

And Blondinette d'Alaza would answer: "Who can compare with Nam? Shake

it would have ended here, but there seem to be lurking devils in a certain type of tender blondes.

Undoubtedly, the vicomte has his tomcat cruelty—correlative of much that pleases women in him—but his would not have been the minutely feminine patience to learn thenceforth, day by day and hour by hour, the coming movements of de Namias.

This was the work of Blondinette d'Alaza.

Would de Namias have a dinner party in the Armouville shade? The vicomte and Blondinette would show up in the restaurant garden, gay, devoted, full of laughing secrets.

"The Powers," the couple would be asked to a tea at or de Namias would drive in the Academies. The vicomte and d'Alaza would accidentally overtake her, fall behind her, in the brilliant carriage throng.

And Blondinette d'Alaza would answer: "Who can compare with Nam? Shake

off such thoughts! The vicomte has eyes, but for you. The others don't exist. He loves you passionately!"

And the sleek and satiny d'Alaza would soothe her:

"Shush! adores you. Never did I see such love!"

A month passed.

De Namias, watching all women, did not wait for her friend.

One day, in a lovers' tiff, the vicomte broke off their engagement. That same afternoon, he showed up at the Long-champs races—with Blondinette d'Alaza, all blooming, with the light of an unholy triumph dancing in her blue eyes.

As they passed, de Namias—come to make up with the faithless young man—"Dine" deliberately stopped her escort on pretext of studying the race card.

They stood, flirting, close beside de Namias. Kind friends joined them, bubbling with amusement. There were rippling laughter, light congratulations, and de Namias, haughty soul, had just strength to stroll off—alone.

It was then the lady seconds had their inspiration.

"Don't resign," they pleaded. "The duel must be cinematographed! We will appear to gratify the sinister desire of each to have a moving picture of her vengeance; but when all is ready we'll say to them:

"De Namias—d'Alaza—be very circumspect. The cinematograph is pointed at you! Keep cool. If, in excitement, either of you risks an incorrectness, the cine-

matograph will show just how it happened! There she laughed and flitted with him just before he quit me. I, poor fool, saw and suspected nothing!"

"That ought to hold them," added the lady seconds. "It's a thought to cool excitement."

"Satisfied!" exclaimed old Prat. "You have hit on a new idea for duels, and every director of the future will rise up and fall on his knees!"

The cinematograph was buzzing.

And the two combatants, surprised and impressed by the warning that the moving pictures would show up their style, fought two rounds in the approved "fence of Jacob."

Jacob, philanthropic master-of-arms, invented "the attack on the extremities"—your opponent's sword hand, wrist or forearm—because they are nearest to you, both for inexperienced combatants and for such as do not wish to wound their adversaries in the body.

At that remote time the modern play, where all counts, was not usual in the fencing halls of Paris. In real duels, therefore, Jacob's students came to have good chances against far superior fencers. Their hand and arm pricks caused numerous disagreeable surprises.

Did good Jacob know the import of his invention? It was but a part of his method, yet it almost nullifies Parisian duels today.

The "play at the extremities" has evolved into a small, easily learned science. All over Paris there are amateurs of no worth or reputation who can prick their adversary on the hand or forearm with absolute precision.

So good fencers also have to learn and practice similar pitiful tactics.

Now, Blondinette d'Alaza was certainly the weaker fencer of the two.

"Keep attacking de Namias' forearm without even attempting the most simple parade," her coaches told her. "When- ever she attacks you, worry her with two or three slight thrusts aimed right in front of you—at her sword-hand or wrist. Instantly, then, come back on guard, the point in line, retreating when necessary, but always jabbing out again, one, two, three."

Thus they hoped to constrain the fierce

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## QUEER FADS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN TO PROLONG THEIR LIVES.

## CHINESE Minister Converted to Teetotalism

and Vegetarianism—Chauncey Depew Another New Convert to Vegetarianism—Mark Twain Adopts Fasting Fad, As Does Prof. Hyslop, the Ghost Hunter—Edison a Disciple of Cornaro—Secretary Walcott of Smithsonian Sleeps Outdoors—Rockefeller Goes From Bread and Milk to Kneipp Cure—James Bryce Walks Ten Miles a Day—Edward Everett Hale's Precept—President and Dr. Wiley Eschew Tobacco—President Has Diet for Obesity—Discoverer of "Fletcherism" Another Disciple of Cornaro—Metchnikoffism Is the Latest—Calls for Curdled Milk Diet.

(Copyright, 1908, by John Elfreth Watkins.)

HE fads of the famous for keeping young and vigorous are many and varied.

Mr. Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister, says he expects to reach 200 by living up to the tenets of vegetarianism and teetotalism, to which he has just been converted.

"Champagne is poisonous; it makes one dizzy in the head," said Mr. Wu the other day. "It is good to the palate, but detrimental to one's system. When I gave up meat for a while I began to doubt the theories of the vegetarians. I had always had a close feeling for chicken, especially fried chicken, but that luxury, too, has had to go. I now see the value of vegetarianism, and I tend to be a missionary to my people on my return home, and will scatter its principles broadcast. People must in the near future see its benefits. Life and youth have come back to me and I believe that I will live to be 200 years old because of the practice."

Mr. Wu is a convert to the fad of Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, wife of the former senator from Missouri, and chateau of Henderson castle, most imposing of the capital's palatial residences, which overlooks the city from the crest of Meridian Hill, highest point in the District of Columbia.

Depew Becomes Vegetarian.

Senator Chauncey Depew is another convert to vegetarianism.

"I notice that when the newspapers speak of giving up beef because of the rising price, there is a universal ridicule," he said a few days ago. "I date my freedom from almost chronic rheumatism to the day when I stopped eating beef; and sleep, digestion and clarified vision such as I have never known before have been increasing as I have dismissed flesh and fowl for vegetables. With nine-tenths of the world the greatest happiness in life is the table piled with the things one loves to eat and drink and the pleasures of a gorge. But for that, from my experience, the hospital and the graveyard would be largely out of business."

Mark Twain confesses to the fasting fad.

"A little starvation can really do more for the average sick man than can the best of medicines and the best of doctors," says he. "I do not mean a restricted diet. I mean total abstinence from food for one or two days. I speak from experience. Starvation has been my cold and fever doctor for fifteen years and has accomplished a cure in all instances."

Another who cures his ills by fasting is Prof. James H. Hyslop, head of the American Society for Psychical Research, and his principal collaborer, M. Hereward Carrington, has just finished a book on

## CHAUNCEY DEPEW

NEW CONVERT TO VEGETARIANISM

who Senator Depew is also a disciple, was a Venetian who lived to be 100. He was a sport and rove until middle life, when, finding his system wrecked and the grave yawning for him, he commenced to restrict himself to a daily allowance of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine. As he grew older he gradually reduced this fare until he accustomed himself to subsist on no more solid meat than an egg a day. At the same time he avoided extremes of temperature, weariness, hatred and cholera. Edison believes that we can live and work as long as we want to.

Secretary Walcott Sleeps Outdoors.

Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian, sleeps out of doors nightly, winter and summer, not for the cure of any constitutional ailment, but because his early life as an active geologist camping in the west proved to him that this method, intended by nature, was the healthiest. He has had especially erect in his Washington mansion a large upstairs porch for this purpose. He is also a mountain climber, a pedestrian and, by far the least of his accomplishments, looking official of the capital's scientific coterie.

John D. Rockefeller has tried more health fads than perhaps any other man now in the public eye. At first it was the

Edward Everett Hale, who still preserves his faculties at the age of eighty-six, has no health fad beyond striving to live up to his precept that one should spend at least ten minutes each day in the presence of one who is his superior.

Dr. Robert Fletcher, the noted anthropologist, and editor of the Index Medicus, who, although he is eighty-five, yesterday found at his desk as hale and hearty and active of mind as when I

first began visiting him fourteen years ago, said that he had never practiced any longevity fad beyond gradually eliminating what he found, in the course of his years, to be detrimental to his health. He asked him for some other information he disdained troubling his assistant at a desk close by his own, and with the elasticity of a man of fifty, rose quickly from his chair and walked briskly and as straight as a ramrod into the adjoining room to get what I asked for.

Prof. Otis Mason, the well known ethnologist, who is the happiest man in scientific circles, confessed to a strict regimen of life to which he attributes his remarkable recovery from a stroke of paralysis brought on by overwork ten years ago, since when he has accomplished his most noted scientific work. His regimen includes deep and rhythmic breathing, one breath to so many pulsations of the heart; the drinking of water five times a day, six swallows at a time, and never at meals; eating but twice a day, always "with attention, appreciation and pleasure," and never swallowing a particle of food without saliva; bathing regularly in tepid water at the body's own temperature, and never stimulating the skin with extreme temperatures; purifying himself not only with fresh air, but quite as regularly with the blue rays of the sun, "the vivifying element of health"; resting daily, with

seven hours of sleep and one hour without sleep; exercising daily those muscles not used in the routine of work; working with the avoidance of all strain or fatigue, regarding all contentions among his associates with a sense of humor and

exercising the patience to create as correct a thought in the mind of a child as a foolish question as in that of a scholar seeking the solution of a profound problem; dressing by the thermometer, absolutely and not by the season; and therefore not wearing a zero weather shirt in a 50-degree room in winter. Prof. Mason added that he varies his outside garments rather than his underclothing to differences in temperature, and thus keeps always at hand what he calls his "seventy coat," "eighty coat," and "ninety coat."

Wiley Eats Meat Once a Day.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, father of the pure food law, eats meat but once a day in warm weather and eschews tobacco. He has no other hobby beyond keeping eternally happy. "We will yet see professorships of amusement in our colleges and universities," he told me. "The recreations of men are of quite as much importance as their vocations. It is quite as important to know how to amuse one's self as to have the leisure and opportunity to do so."

The President is another non-smoker. He is also said to observe a diet for the reduction of his weight and to have consulted the government dietary specialists concerning it, but they are non-committal as to this. Among big men, who, like Mr. Wiley, are teetotalers are W. J. Bryan, Vice President Fairbanks, Senator Bailey, Gen. O. O. Howard and David B. Hill. And on the list of those who, like Edison, have given up drugs for the cure of disease are Senator Clapp, Dr. J. W. Fewkes, the noted archaeologist; Charles Klein, the playwright, author of "The Mustache"; Richard Carle, the comedian; Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Richard F. Outcault, comic artist, the creator of "Buster Brown" and Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, all of whom are Christian Scientists.

Horace Fletcher, founder of "Fletcherism" and "Menticulture," also author and lecturer, is like Senator Depew and Edison, a disciple of Cornaro. He found himself a physical wreck at ten years of age, when the Venetian centenarian changed his mode of living, and at this period had three chronic diseases, no life insurance company, and was willing to accept him as a risk. By eating and drinking less than the ordinary person would consider a bare subsistence of life, Mr. Fletcher says, he had built himself up inside of five years that he was able to cycle 20 miles in a day, at the same time outwitting the head of the Yale gymnasium by taking with ease the severe course of exercise prescribed for the varsity crew. "Chew your food—not only your solid food, but milk, tea, coffee, wine, soup, anything that has taste"—is one of Mr. Fletcher's maxims.

Prof. R. H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, claims to have proven upon himself, and later upon thirteen soldiers and eight athletes, all doing active work, that the body sustains its weight and increases its vitality upon one-third the protein food generally considered as necessary for the healthy man—and by protein food is meant the principal constituent of meat, milk and eggs—that which supplies nitrogen to the body. On this, he says, he and his subjects showed increased strength and improved responsiveness of mind, while almost every man stored nitrogen rather than lost it.

"The so-called cravings of appetite are purely the result of habit," he says. "A man who has been eating meat and protein food soon has it in his grasp, and then any deviation therefrom disturbs our physiological equilibrium. Any one with such a habit can change his habits of life, change the whole order of cravings, thus demonstrating that the latter are purely artificial, and that they have no necessary connection with the welfare or needs of the body."

But the very latest foodism which we have imported is Metchnikoffism. The founder, Prof. Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, lives strictly in accordance with his discovery and eats curdled milk every day, as a regular diet. In order to fill his intestinal canal with bacteria which he believes to be the deadly enemies of the microbes causing old age. This savant declares that the average man should live 120 years, and he advocates cutting out the large intestine as a further means of prolonging life. Perhaps this latter operation may become as fashionable among us as that for the removal of the vermiform appendix, but as yet there has been no bulletin from Prof. Metchnikoff announcing that he has had it performed upon himself.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

Next morning they learned that a buffalo had been killed in the course of the night, and they were quite certain that another tiger must be in the vicinity. Sailing out, they soon discovered a tigress high upon the bank of the river within 30 yards of where they were. The two sportsmen fired together and the animal rolled over into the ravine, where another shot terminated her existence. Next day they heard of a fifth tiger, but were unable to come upon his track. On the following day, however, they got traces of him, and, after close search, discovered him lying in the bottom of a small channel. Col. Gordon-Cumming, firing from his seat on the back of the elephant, sent the charge of the elephant, sent the charge of the shot was effective. Two days later they had still more splendid sport. They became quite certain that tigers—they did not know how many—were in a cover of about 200 yards in length by about 150 yards broad. Between the covers there were open spaces of sand and shingle. Col. Gordon-Cumming's narrative proceeds:

Four Tigers in One Day.

"Soon after Ward moved up toward me and said they were all dead, with the exception of the tigress, which I had let go. I asked how many were dead, and he replied, 'Three.' Then, 'There is still a fourth in the covert.' Ward was incredulous, so I came down, and, mounting the elephant beside him, directed the mahout to move toward the ridge near the water. We beat it down very carefully with no result, but I knew the beast was not far off. The side of the bank

## NARROW ESCAPES OF A WELL KNOWN TIGER HUNTER.

next the river sloped sharply down some eight or ten feet to the water, and was heavily fringed with a thick green shrub. I directed the mahout to take the elephant round, and enter the water. This he did, and we moved along a front of the bank, in water about five feet deep, we spied the tiger lying almost hidden by the bushes. Being anxious to save the skin, only one shot was fired, with the best aim allowed by the imperfect view. On receiving the shot, the tiger roared and sprang clean out from the bank toward us, and we shot in the water swimming at the elephant's head. He was a young tiger, but a most determined beast. With a good deal startled, I had hardly settled my nerves when I saw the male bear about thirty paces in front of me, making off at speed toward the right. I fired at once, but the smoke came back on me, and as it cleared away I saw the tiger leap not ten yards off going away after the first. I let drive with the second barrel, on which she wheeled round and came straight at me, grunting viciously. I had no time to turn or get a second rifle before she was on me. Rising on her hind legs, she attempted to seize me by the throat in her teeth, and as I fended her off with my left arm she got it in her mouth and crunched it up like a cucumber. Meanwhile, she was not idle with her formidable claws, with which she tore open my clothes and gave me an ugly score across the ribs. At that moment Bappoo rushed in and shot her down. As we struggled a young bear which she carried on her back, and which had been struck by my shot, fell dead at our feet, and the old lady's temper was

## MR. WU NEW CONVERT TO VEGETARIANISM AND TEETOTALISM

seven hours of sleep and one hour without sleep; exercising daily those muscles not used in the routine of work; working with the avoidance of all strain or fatigue, regarding all contentions among his associates with a sense of humor and

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